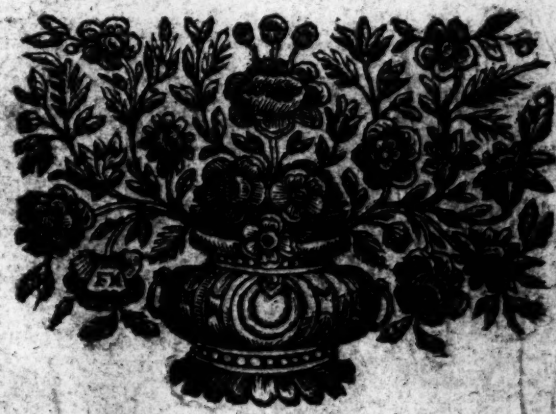


Vol. 13
9 LOVE in all SHAPES.

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A

DRAMATICK
F A R C E.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRET, at the Golden Ball, over-
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NOTICE

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against the Church in the Strand.
MDCCLXXIX. (1779)



T O H I S

R—L H——S

W-----M,

DUKE of C--b--rl--nd.



HENEVER rising *Merit* makes itself conspicuous in any Degree of Life, the World naturally shews it's Esteem ; The eminent Men in any Science are always distinguish'd by a particular Regard, the Promoter of any useful Art has a Claim on the Publick, which they generally repay
A 2 with

iv *The* DEDICATION.

with Praise and Fame; the Chiefs of War, whether in the Field or in the Fleet, commonly become the Talk and Wonder of the People; since then, the Men are set in the best Light in the Cabinet, the Camp or the Study, do, as it were, demand our Approbation, why should not they who have shewn themselves Masters in that soft Art, that Tender Passion to which Mankind not only owe their Being, but when the Enjoyments of Life after that;

*That Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup
bath thrown,*

*To make the nauseous Draught of Life go
down.*

I say, why should not those, who by a genteel Address have gain'd an Ascendancy over the Hearts of the Fair Sex, be as much admir'd, and have their Conquests transmitted to Posterity, as well as the greatest General or wisest Philosopher in the Universe?

'Tis

The DEDICATION. V

'Tis with this View that the following Sheets are compiled ; And as no one in a greater Degree, possesses every aimable Quality to render himself the Darling of that Sex which we were born to please ; As the Beauty of your Form must of Course attract the Eyes of every blooming Lady ; I humbly hope your H-----s will excuse my Presumption in laying this at your Feet, since *Love's* the Theme.

That every tender Maid who may have the Success to charm ye, may not be unable to resist you, but yield her Graces a Willing Victim to your Wishes,

Is the Desire, and most earnest Hopes,

of your H-----s's most devoted,

and obedient humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

PRO-



THE
PROLOGUE.

WHAT has our Author done? I read his Fate,
What? make the weaker Sex to imitate?
To save his Bacon, he may plead 'tis Nature:
But Custom pleaded, safe had been and better.
Nature's a Gossip, no wise Man wou'd mimick:
Custom mend Nature, with a Pow'r quite Chymick.
Nature paints ill, and Age from Wrinkles gather;
But Custom draws it up in Peacock Feather.
See, that old Beau or Belle; how prim they move,
You'd swear that Time and Death, were both in Love,
The first his Hour-Glass, for a Mirrour uses,
The last her Plumpers, and false Teeth produces, }
And polite Custom praises, — or excuses;
Again, weak Nature, Beauty takes for Riches:
But Custom cries, why do these Men wear Breeches?
With Homogeneal Stride, and Staff Haggetick,
Nature may blush; but Custom cries — pathetick;
Fashions are sacred Things, in every Shape;
Why may'nt your fair ones, Cape 'em from the Cape?
Who knows but soon, to make the Wonder less,
Custom may win 'em to take on their Dress?
A Skimmington seems nursing in the Cradle,
With every Fair, a Staff in Hand or Ladle;
Great Changes! are not always made on sudden,]
The naked Maid, may introduce the Pudden;
To Speech already, Nature quits her Claim,
Custom in Oaths or Bawdy Friends no Shame.
The tenderest Ear, nothing offensive feels,
Like Pliny's Folks, their Ears lie at their Heels;
As

The P R O L O G U E.

*As those to lye on theirs, by him, are said,
Custom will scarce, let our Ears stay for Red;
Nature may Antique Rules of Temp'rance move,
But Custom owns, Bacchus the Friend of Love;
Nay! to demonstrate how polite a Nation,
Custom meer Accident! has turn'd to Fashion;
Rouse up thou boasted Genius of our Isle,
Produce those Beauties which make Nature smile;
Rouse up ye Fair—Assert—your glorious Cause,
And from Queen Bess's Practice frame your Laws.
Wit, Beauty, Temperance, shall then again
Affix your Glory and adorn your Train.
Our English Ladies shall in Love's fair Field,
Their Heroes force new Pyramids to build,
And English Heroes only there shall yield.*





Persons NAMES.

JOLLY, *a Man of Sense but of low Fortune,
in Love with Angelina.*

Hearty *his Friend, Master of both Sense
and Fortune.*

Morose, *Guardian to Angelina and Lydia.*

Quiddany, *the English Chafferer.*

Chiviot, *the Scotch Chafferer.*

Teaguy, *the Irish Chafferer.*

Belch and Blow *the Dutch Chafferer.*

Gascon, *the French Chafferer.*

Snap, *Servant to Hearty.*

W O M E N.

Angelina and Lydia, *both Sisters, whose
Fortunes are in the Hands of Morose.*

Scintilla, *a beautiful young Lady, but of
small Fortune.*

Gitty, *her Maid.*

Lucy, *Maid to the Sisters.*

Landlady and two Drawers.

LOVE



LOVE in all Shapes.

ACT I.

SCENE. Covent-Garden.

Enter Hearty and Jolly.

Hear.



HIS is the Day then, the great
Contest is to be decided betwixt
Merit and Money.

Jol. Even so, my Friend;
and *Morose* is to be the *Paris*
to dispose of the Golden Apple.

Hear. A worshipful Arbitrator, I profess! but
not of the Lady's Election, I presume.

Jol. Your Presumption's out of its Wits, I fear;
for beautiful *Angelina* declares on that Side.

Hear. Then I'll be even with the beautiful *Ange-
lina*, and declare she's not in her Wits, and therefore
fit for *Bedlam*.

Jol. Ah, my Friend! but what will that avail?

Hear. Avail? why prithee what avail would it be
to thee to marry a mad Woman?

B

Jol.

2 LOVE in all Shapes.

Jol. Oh do not——do not do her Sense so much Injury.

Hear. What Injury can there be in Complaisance? I only give her the Character she is in quest of?

Jol. I know not that; but this I know, that all my Hope lies in the Hope that she dissembles.

Hear. I am glad, howsoever, that you have so probable a Foundation to build upon: But how stands her Sister affected? for as I take it they're both under the Sentence of one Will.

Jol. Very right, and *Lydia* knows it too; yet That neither renders her Active or Passive.

Hear. No? then she's a greater Riddle than her Sister; I wish I could have a little Discourse with either of them; I fancy I could read them a Lecture of Perpetuity, that would last their Lives. But Women, from their very Cradles, imbibe such Notions of Grandeur, that Merit can hardly get a Place behind their Chariots.

Hear. See, see, my Friend! there they are coming together from Pray'rs. I dare not stand my Ground, and therefore leave you.

Hear. If you leave the Field, I'll turn Deserter too——What, Man? at the Battle of *Hockstet* and fly an Enemy? face 'em. Come, I that was never in Fight, dare be your Leader here. (*advancing*)

Enter Angelina and Lydia.

Ladies, good Morrow. I hope our Absence did not exclude us from a Share in your pious Remembrances?

Lyd. Ours were publick Prayers, Sir; therefore 'twould be hard indeed if you were not included some Way or other.

Hear. I did not know, Madam, but at this Time they might have been on a particular Occasion; especially yours, fair Lady. (*to Angelina*)

Ang.

Ang. I don't know what you mean, Mr. *Hearty*, by particular Occasion ; especially so particularly directed. (*pettishly*)

Heart. Don't be displeas'd Lady, and I'll explain myself. If I am not misinform'd, this is to be the decisive Day, appointed by your Guardian, for a Trial whether you are to be miserable or happy all the succeeding Days of your Life ; a momentous Concern, Lady, in my humble Opinion ! and worthy of your particular Pray'rs, and your particular Consideration too.

Lyd. Can you, Sir, out of your abundant Wisdom or Charity advise her how to make the Lottery less a Lottery ?

Heart. Undoubtedly, Madam, if the Lady wanted Advice, which I can scarce believe she does—— so much good Sense——

Ang. Perhaps that little I have may serve well enough for the present ; but who can prescribe to Futurity ?

Hear. Prudence and Discretion, Lady. Both which all that know you, acknowledge you absolute Mistress of——Act in concert with them, and there will hardly remain any Room for Doubt, but if you rather choose to render them Slaves to Humour, Caprice, and Treachery, how can you propose any Prospect of future Happiness ?

Ang. Caprice and Treachery ? I confess I do not understand you, Sir ?

Hear. This Place is too publick, Lady, for an Affair of this nice Nature ; but if you'll be pleased to admit me to a short Conference, the sooner the better ; if I make not out my Charge, say, what I would not give Occasion to any to say, that I am not a Man of my Word.

Ang. Mr. *Hearty's* Visits were always a Favour ; but as your Charge implies somewhat of a dangerous Tendency, they must be at this Time allow'd necessary.

sary. An Hour hence, if it suits with your Convenience, my Sister and I shall be ready to receive you.

Hear. As my Friend is a Party concern'd, I hope his Company will carry no Objection?

Lyd. I'll take upon me to answer there, Gentlemen your Servants. *[Exit Ang. and Lyd.]*

Hear. Your humble Servant, Ladies. Now Mr. *Diffidence*; what think you?

Jol. That you will find it difficult to disincumber yourself of the Task you have taken upon you.

Hear. As to what, I beseech you?

Jol. The Humour and Caprice of *Morose* are notorious enough; but I fear you'll find that Part of his Charge, as to his Treachery, a moot Point at least.

Hear. Never fear it, Man——A Wretch that is attended with such a Variety of Chafferers, cannot be without a blind Side of his own. I have heard enough to ground my Guess upon. And prithee tell me, is it probable there should be so many Customers without one Chafferer among them.

Jol. A bold Assertion my Friend, is not to be supported by meer Probability——And Want of Proof——

Hear. Will not be long a Want, I warrant you——As for Instance, see who comes yonder——

Jol. *Quiddany* I protest! that Flower of Fops—but what of him?

Heart. Observe and answer yourself——*[Enter Quiddany]* So my dear *Quid*——What? you are going to the gen'ral Rendezvous——These fine Ladies! what Attractions they have?

Quid. Dem it, Mr. *Hearry*, if all the Finery of Womankind don't lie in their Fortunes.

Hear. How, *Quid*? do you make no Allowance for a fine Face?

Quid. What a poor Genius of Imagery must that Man have, that Wants any such Amusement with a Mirror before him?

Heart.

Heart. But that is not always to be had, Mr. *Quid*.

Quid. Not with the thoughtless Part of Mankind, I confess; but the Polite and Men of Genius are never unprovided——As for Example—— [*pulling out a Pocket Looking-glass.*]

Heart. Nay, if you are so egregiously prepared! what Amulet against Death and Destruction? But does not lovely *Angelina*'s Image now and then interpose?

Quid. Poor Fool! I know she loves me——and *Morose* would fain make me a Chafferer, as he terms it.

Fol. Love you, by what Tokens I wonder? what Proof of—— (*Scornfully*)

Quid. Proof? have I not Eyes in my Head? is not that Proof enough? if you want more Proof! come and see with your own Eyes. [*Exit Quid.*]

Heart. (*To Jolly going*) So ho, whither away Friend? to join a Fool to a Fop?

Fol. No! to scourge his Insolence—or to cure my own Folly by that of *Angelina*——

Heart. A fine Pair of Labours in vain——I pray stay here; if you can keep your Temper a little better; if you can't, you'll spoil my Projection. Another such Outstart, and my Crucible flies.

Fol. But what am I to observe from this Creature, I pray?

Heart. What you have already observ'd, if your own Words are to be credited.

Fol. I don't comprehend you——

Heart. Did you not say you were going to cure your own Folly by *Angelina*'s? How could you wrong your Judgment so much, to think a Woman of her singular good Sense could love such an Animal as *Quiddany*? is that doing Justice to her or yourself?

Fol. I heartily beg Pardon of *Angelina*, and my dear Friend too: I am wrong, most egregiously wrong! and yet I am sure my Friend will allow me
in

in the right, that such notorious Coxcombs ought to be corrected.

Heart. There I shan't disagree with you——But have a little Patience; you may see by their Fore-horse, the rest of the Team is not far off, let us make a right Use of 'em. And as we can't lose, if we don't get, the Bets are on our Side——But see, here's another!

Jol. *Gil Chiviot*, our Highland Operator, that always walks as if he was travelling up his own Country Mountains, with his Nose to his Shoe Buckles——

Heart. And smells like the back Avenues of any of his National Palaces. But Tace! (*Enter Chiviot*) Hah! my old Friend *Chiviot*! how dost thou do? I have not seen thee this Age.

Chi. Heerty and weel, I thank you: But Ise profess to yee, that I have not been out of the Land, nae nat sa much as ta visit the Land of my Nativity.

Hear. I never mistrusted you for that, my dear *Gil*. For I know there you are forced to commit the faw Sin of Uncleanness in Huggermugger, which here you do in Defiance of the very Sun at Noon-day: But still with the Conscience of a geud Christian too.

Chi. Awa, Awa; nae Defamations Mr. *Hearty*: ye are very prone to Defamation.

Heart. Well to wave all these Things, whither is my old Friend bound? on Charitable Works, I warrant, to visit the Sick; or relieve some distress'd Damsel?

Chi. Troth, Sir, I wot ye neither. Ise go to relieve my awn dear Self——I am likely to marry a vary huge Fortune——and e'ery ain that kens any thing, kens full weel that naught agrees sae well with a *Scotch* Stomach, as an *English* Fortune. In that, and geud Places, we bury all Animofities.

Hear.

LOVE in all Shapes.

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Hear. May I guess at the Lady? the fair *Angelina*?

Chi. Troth even sae, my geud Friend: Her Guardian, Old *Morose* and I have agreed all Matters, and I fear I shall maik him stay far me———Adieu, my geud Friend! when all is over, I shall be glad to spend an haur with you, and talk over auld Affairs.

[*Exit Chiviot running a Head.*]

Heart. Well, Friend, what think you now? shall I make out my Charge?

Jol. In good Truth, the Plot begins to thicken.

Heart. If it thickens with Water Gruel, what will it do with Bonny Clabber?

Jol. Here's one coming that will be able to answer your Question. He is as merry about the Gills, as if he had found the Philosophers Stone.

Heart. Play him off prudently, and I dare engage we transmute his Brass into Gold. (*Enter Teague running and laughing*)—Accost him.

Jol. Mr. *Teaguy*, why so merry?

Tea. Merry? O' my Shoul naw, and you would be merry too, if you were as wise as I, that wou'd you, ha! ha! ha!

Jol. In order to make me so, pray communicate.

Tea. O' my Shoul that will I too, if you will promise to be shecreshy.

Jol. Never fear Men, I'll be as secret as Sin itself———Out with it.

Tea. But O' my Shoul naw you will discover it, if you tell it to any Body; and then I shall be upon being undone Honey. Tho' to speak ingeniously, I cannot keep it any longer within my Shelf.

Jol. Give it me then, and I'll keep it for you.

Tea. And will my dear Friend be sho good—then then there it is—(*Giving a Paper.*)

Heart. But may not I be so far honour'd, Mr. *Teaguy*, as to be a Party?

Tea.

Tea. Arah naw, two Parties to one shecret ish too much.

Jol. Right, my Friend, this is a Secret too nice for many Ears.

Tea. ish it not? and think you my Rivals will not be ready to hang demselves, when they find that I have got under her Guardian's very Hand; that I shall marry *Angelina*?

Heart. Have you so, Mr. *Teaguy*? and that's a home Stroke—that is doing of Business.

Tea. But O' my Shoul now, he held me to hard Meat, as the Shaying is; for I wash obliged to part with half her Fortune, that wash I; and my own Bond too for Performanthes into the Bargain.

Jol. That was hard indeed. But I suppose you wisely consider'd, that what you was to have, was all clear gains.

Tea. Very true. But beshides there was the Disshappointments of my sho many Rivals, that wash there.

Heart. That was the very Cream of the Jest.

Tea. But come dear Honey, give me my Shecret.

Jol. I thought I was to keep it.

Tea. Yesh, sho you may in your Breaht, dear Honey; but let me have it in my Pocket.

Jol. But let me read it once more. (*Jolly pretending to read, changes the Paper.*)

Tea. Yesh, prithes do; it will bear twice reading; that will it.

Jol. Here, put it up, and trust no other Person, I charge you; if you do, be it at your Peril. (*Putting it in his Pocket for him.*)

Tea. Dosh't thou mishtrust me? I'll warrant it shall never see the Light more, 'till my Occasion calls. But pray ye naw keep my Shecret or——

Jol. Never fear me; I'll keep it as my Life——

Tea.

LOVE in all Shapes. 9

Tea. Well, now I will be splitting my Shides with Laughing at my Rivals. Adieu, beshure Honey you keep my Shecret. Ha! ha! ha! (*Goes out laughing.*)

Jol. Let them laugh that win. *Hearty!* thou shalt ever hereafter be my Oracle.

Heart. What's the Matter now, my Friend?

Jol. Matter? see and judge with thy own Eyes—
(*Giving a Writing.*)

Heart. Ha! what's here? I thought or rather fear'd you had return'd it.

Jol. I had been worse than my Word if I had; did I not promise to keep it?

Heart. A fortunate Fallacy! But hush——put it up, 'till Occasion calls, as *Teaguy* says. Here comes *Mynheer*.

Enter Belch and Blow.

Bel. Haw, myne ver goot Friend, *Mynheer Hearty*, vat 'a bring 'a yeau here?

Heart. To meet with my old Friend and Acquaintance, *Mynheer Belch and Blow*.

Bel. Aw, no! no! dat's no true; vor yeau not know myn coming here.

Heart. Where, I wonder, should I expect to find a *Dutchman* but in the *Purlieu's* of Beauty?

Bel. I no forestand your *Purlieu's*.

Heart. But I am certain you desire to forestand the fair *Angelina*.

Bel. Haw, haw, haw. Her Money's would 'a make any Man desire to forestand her. But she is ver fair too.

Heart. Well, and are all Things agreed on?

Bel. Nat yet; but I suspect to sign and seal speedily.

Heart. With the fair One?

Bel. Wid her Guardian, and dat is as weel.

Heart. And how much, *Mynheer*?

C

Bel.

10 LOVE in all Shapes.

Bel. Aw, he be mush a de Jew. As fourth Part to be paid tree Months after Marriage. But I'll turn 'a de Jew upon de Rogue, and soon as marry'd carry my Wife to my awn Country, and dere let a' him recover if he can.

Heart. So you'll bite the biter, Mynheer?

Bel. Yaw, yaw——Is it no right? But say nothing, 'till all is over, and then we'll troll it away in old Hock——Well, good bye—I sal be stay'd for.
[Exit Belch and Blow.]

Hear. Success, as you desire, attend you. Was there ever such a Kennel of Cub Foxes? Shan't we unearth them, *Jolly*?

Jol. Or may they send us to the Earth say I. But I did not think *Morose* had been so good a Backgammonist.

Heart. You see he plays with the high Dice: But for all that we may happen to put the Doctor upon him.

Jol. My Endeavours shall not be wanting. But I wonder what makes *Gascon* so late! *Frenchmen* don't use to be dilatory in an Amour.

Heart. Right *Jolly*; but here is Matrimony in the Case. It's very probable his Amour preceeded.

Jol. And may succeed too, if he hold by the Tenure of his Country——But see! where he comes, and at the same Time brings along with him the visible Tokens of his Delay in his Dress. Take no Notice of him 'till he opens the Scene.

Heart. That's spiteful enough; but you shall have your Humour.

Enter *Gascon*.

Gas. Ha! ha! Vat have we here! Monsieur *Jolly*? Monsieur *Heart*? Vat! No speak! No Tongue! No Eyes! Le Diable! Vous amaze me!

Jol. (Turning) Who's that? Monsieur *Gascon*, Votres tres humble.

Heart.

LOVE in all Shapes.

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Heart. My good Friend, how goes it?

Gaf. O! ver well, ver well. Methought 'a you had a forgot 'a me.

Heart. Forgot you? that's a good one indeed. Forgot Monsieur *Gafcon*?

Gaf. Indeed your no heed a me made 'a me de little Jealousy—

Heart. Not heed you? why I was lost in thought of you.

Gaf. Of a me? how so, I pray?

Heart. The last Man that parted from us was Mynheer *Belch* and *Blow*, and he was so transported with his Conquest of the fair *Angelina*, that knowing what Pretensions you had, I cou'd not but pity you.

Gaf. He conquest *Angelina*? Diable! he first conquest his Stomach—his—Morableau, lee 'a me—Behold—Is here any Ting of de *Dutch* Boar? Can de fair *Angelina* view both vid one Pair of Eyes? Vat your Opinion, Monsieur *Jolly*? Vat your's, Monsieur *Hearty*? Le Diable! a *Dutchman* and a *Frenchman*? a Bear and an Antelope, begar? ish it not?

Both. Nothing more adroit, Monsieur.

Gaf. You be both de Man of Judgment—de Man of Sagacity—de Man of ——— Vat sal me say? You know de Difference between de polite People in de Universe, and de Hog, de Boar, and de Polecat, begar——He conquest *Angelina*—Beside 'a you ver well know de Duke, de Lord, de Gentleman, and de Men of Sense, nay de ver Man of no Sense at all do value, esteem, and honour de *Franchisemen* above all de Man's in de Universe. If your grande Secretaire do want a one to mend his bad *Englis* vid worse *French*, who but de *Franchiseman* is de Enquiry? Or if de great Lord is widout one Valet de Chambre, if he is de Man of de Beau Monde and a Connoisseur, who but de *Franchiseman* de Maitre du Drefs, and ever Ting dat is polite,

de Tailleur, de Cook, nay de ver Pimp begar are no fashionable if no *Frenchisman*. He conquest *Angelina*?

Jol. For my Part, I thought at that Time there was nothing in it; tho' he seem'd very dogmatical.

Gaf. Dogmatical! Morbleau! Bitchmatical begar. Will he dance? will he sing! will he dress vid de *Frenchisman*?

Heart. No, nor run with them neither.

Gaf. De run? vat you mean by de run?

Jol. The Antelope you spoke of—What Limbs are there for the Race?

Gaf. Oh! oh! de run de Race you mean—No begar I tink not—De Elephant might as well dance de Minuet. But me vil go and show *Angelina* de Difference.

Heart. Take care of yourself; you'll find him there, Monsieur.

Gaf. Vat den? Vil he draw? Vil he push? Diable! me vil show him my Backside if he do: Me value no *Dutchman* in de Varld. He conquest *Angelina*?

Jol. But suppose he has struck the Bargain already?

Gaf. Struck a de Bargain vid who? for what? Cannot Monsieur *Gascon* strike a de Bargain as well as Mynheer *Belch* and *Blow*? Yes, yes, let him begin ven he wil, he sal find me can strike a de Bargain well as any *Dutch* Boar in de Varld; and so adieu, I'll go show *Angelina* de Difference between de *French* Air and de *Dutch* Fog. [Exit *Gascon*.]

Heart. I cannot but admire, Friend *Jolly*, at the Improvidence and ill Husbandry of our Countrymen, who can expend such shameful Sums in *French* Trifles, without thinking of laying out one Penny in that useful Commodity, a *French* Air to carry off the Folly with a Bon Grace—To say we wear even a *Robe du Chambre*, or do any other insipid Things because

because the *French* do so, is to place ourselves in the Rank of meer Mimicks; whereas a little of that Talent of Improvement, we are so distinguish'd for; together with a little of the Compost in Question, would attenuate the Satire, and render us at least half Adventurers.

Jol. I fancy you would find the Remedy worse than the Disease; for I am afraid that one Improvement might push on to another; so that in a little Time instead of being Purchasers, our Countrymen might stand at Market; by which Means you'd find all Sellers and no Buyers.

Heart. But might not even that Disease in Time prove a Sort of a Remedy? For when once a People are reduc'd to a State of Thinking, it would be hard to imagine, that the Wit set a Working should not light upon something useful or creditable at last.

Jol. And by that Means, find out the Longitude, or the perpetual Morion—If I mistake not, one of them is pretty near us.

Enter Scintilla and Gitty.

Heart. Oh! my pretty *Scintilla*! that fardle of fine Sentences without Conclusions. What a laborious Pyramid did Nature take in Hand, to make her pretty and witty to so little Purpose?

Jol. She has cast her Eye upon you: Disengage yourself as well as you can.

Hart. Pr'ythee stay and lend a helping Hand towards a Deliverance. And to actuate thy Zeal remember our Time of Appointment with the fair *Angelina* draws on apace.

Jol. The Thought of it would almost excuse Rudeness—but Patience and good Manners be my Guardian—

Heart. She advances—I cannot avoid the Attacks of her pretty Impertinence. Your Servant Lady.

Scin. Good Morrow, Gentlemen, both.

Jol.

Joh. The Countryman would cry good E'en, Madam; for I think it is past Noon.

Scin. Oh, you Rustick you! do you mind Hours at the Court End of the Town? When the very Cits have forgot the Use of them? Where is even the Mercer's Wife that would quit Quadrille before five in the Morning, if her sagacious good Man did not reel from the Club home and lay his Conjugal Authority over her?

Heart. I confess, Madam, your Sex has improv'd upon ours as to the Improvement of Time: What we us'd to devote to the Bottle 'till One, you throw away upon Fortune five Hours beyond it. Tho' were both Accounts to be made up, I fancy, at the Year's End the Ballance will be pretty even.

Scin. I blush to hear how like a Mechanick you talk; did you ever know the polite, or People of a bright Genius, trouble their Heads with Account, and Ballances? Meer Shopkeeper's Divinity!

Joh. I confess, the Doctrine is new and pretty like yourself, and therefore must take—But—

Scin. Good Mr. Pretty, keep your pretty Compliments between that pretty Set of Teeth of your's; I desire none of them, they are Meat for my Maid; are they not, *Gitty*?

Git. Indeed no Lady! but if the Gentleman had a Man to bestow 'em upon, they would suit with his Livery, so would they, when he had one.

Joh. How? Mrs. *Gitty*, your Mistress has taught you to be witty.

Git. What pity 'tis she had not you in her Teaching: I dare say it would not ha' been to your Disadvantage.

Heart. Fairly bowl'd i' Faith, if he would take it. (*Aside*)

Joh. You're quite out, Mrs. *Gitty*: Industry and Art too would lose their Labour upon me.

Scin.

Scin. No doubt on't; for nothing but the Angel Kind can make some People see clear.

Heart. And don't you think yourself of that Angel Kind, fair Lady?

Jol. (*Aside to Hearty*) If she was sure to go down with you; I dare answer for her Thoughts—

Scin. What's that his Rudeness whispers?

Jol. I heartily beg Pardon, Lady; I was only putting my Friend in Mind of an Advantage offer'd—

Scin. In what, I wonder?

Jol. He can tell you if he pleases, and it would come better from him than me.

Scin. Lad! how indifferent these Men grow, when they're accepted? They hardly know how to be civil.

Heart. A severe Charge, Lady, wherever level'd. For my Part I can discharge myself, I never was that happy Man.

Scin. And it may be, never desire to be—

Heart. Unreasonable Cravings are certain Signs of a sickly Constitution; for which Reason I banish 'em as soon as perceptible.

Scin. I find it's to no Purpose to bait a Mouse-trap, to catch Rats; therefore I'll change the Discourse—
(*to herself*) Well, Mr. *Hearty*, when is Mr. *Morose's* Lottery to be drawn?

Heart. It is said, to Day is the Day appointed.

Scin. Then you have not a Ticket?

Heart. Such ill Luck has hitherto attended me, that I am afraid to venture.

Scin. But will it be prudent always to throw yourself out of the Way of Fortune?

Heart. Will it be prudent in a Man to trust again, that has been so often jilted?

Scin. A Person of a true *English* Spirit would never desist for a Disappointment or two.

Heart. I design to think upon it, Lady; and as I take it, it is a Matter will require Thought. But
your

your Servant, Lady——Friend Jolly, I believe it is about our Hour.

Jol. I take it so to be——Lady your humble Servant—— [Exit Hearty and Jolly.

Scin. Gitty, go after 'em, and dog 'em; but so as not to be discover'd; and return as soon as possible: I'll stay here——It imports me to look about me——These empty Praises of my Beauty have well nigh empty'd my little Treasury——The last five hundred Pounds are upon the Tapis——And I grow so timorous and covetous, that Quadrille and fine Cloaths too have been forced to forfeit all their Temptations——I see 'tis to no Purpose to pretend to a Reparation by Way of Sense——Beauty without Money is like a Flower without Odour——It looks best and is most admired, as it stands in the Garden; where stand it may and long too, without any Danger of being cropt but by the Fence Breaker and Robber——Quiddany did once make his honourable Pretensions, and I made Use of his own Weapon, Flattery, to keep him in the Humour; but the fatal Face of Angelina——Face? 'tis false? 'twas her Fortune; my Face is fair as hers, but oh! the Golden Deity's prevail'd——Let me see, they allow me Wit——I'll try; and if I baffle Quiddany in his present Pretensions——Why may not I hope to succeed?——all other Games are desperate——That therefore——

Enter Gitty.

Git. Oh Madam! I have lodg'd 'em at old Morose's.

Scin. Did they suspect thee?

Git. Not at all: I kept out of Sight on the other Side the Way; I saw 'em go in; and there left 'em——But Lud Madam! what will you do with these Men Creatures?

Scin. Do with 'em, Gitty? hang one or other of them as soon as I can.

Git. O dear Lady! I would I had the hanging of 'em all——I would never leave off 'till we were both

both provided for——A Parcel of inconsiderate Animals!

Scin. Your Rage, Gitty, runs very high, methinks.

Git. O, I can't have Patience, Madam——
So fine a Lady to be overlook'd without looking upon,
and with a Fortune in her own Hands too!

Scin. Hey ho! (*Sighing*)

Git. What do you sigh for, Madam? you do not
repent that you refus'd the Offer, of Mr. *Dam Him-*
self, the *Irish* Commissioner?

Scin. Nothing like it Girl: I glory in it. For
what would all his Oaths, his Vows, and Protestations
have amounted to by this Time? No! my Girl,
I know too much of Man to let him know any
Thing of me, without Church Security——
How many do I daily see of those easy Believers,
who are qualify'd now to believe any Thing but
their own Follies——I know the World have
blam'd me for a misconstrued Levity, and my Con-
duct may have a little mislead them to it; but I will
retrieve all yet, my Girl: And do but continue faith-
ful and lend thy helping Hand——

Git. Dear Lady, give me but my Instructions,
and——

Scin. This is no proper Place. We'll to my
Lodgings and there consult Matters: What is done
must be speedily done.

And if a Woman's Wit be sanctious,

The Pleasant shall despel the Anxious. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

Enter Morose with a Paper in his Hand.

Mor. **S**O, so, I think I am pretty far advanced to-
wards finishing my Affairs at last. Let me
D see,

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see; In the first Place there is Mr. *Quiddany*, he offers well; but honourably forsooth. Nothing 'till after Marriage, and then nothing but his Promise. Let them catch Green-Sickness Girls at that Rate if they can. I am no Gudgeon, therefore not to be caught with an unbaited Hook. Nevertheless, I gave his Honour a whole Cart Load of Commendations, and he seem'd as well satisfy'd as if I had bestow'd 'em on his Person. Next comes my far North Chap, Mr. *Chiviot*; He seems to have as great an Affection to the Fortune as the best, and as little to the Person as the last. If he could have prevail'd on me to have taken Security on his North Country Lands, I had an Offer towards a tolerable Bargain; but when I had parted with my ready Money, I doubt the Mortgagee must have redeem'd the Mortgage. But my dear Friend *Teaguy*, notwithstanding his fine Equipage and big Words threw me Carte Blanch, and damning his Soul to the Pit of Hell, if he did not love the Lady, out of pure Tenderness to my Charge; I divided her Fortune with him; and sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd at once. I confess when *Belch* and *Blow* came upon me with a Promise, I was a little Whit at a Nonplus, we had indeed agreed, but not executed, for a quarter Part; but that was before my *Irish* Chap came upon the Stage. However, telling him he shou'd have the Sister on the same Terms, he was pacify'd. What to do with Monsieur *Gascon*, I know not; I have not seen him to Day; but they tell me, he swears and blusters as if he wou'd fetch the House upon his Head—Yonder he comes, and face him I must. But—Ay, But what—if he should dupe me, he would soon reduce my But to a Kilderkin—ay, to a Firkin—and what then would become of all my fine Projects? Murrain on him—I believe he values her Person as little as any of the rest; I'll see therefore if I can buy him off with Money—I know the Gipsy still has

has a Hankering after her old Lover *Jolly*; and nothing keeps her in Awe, but a Fear of losing her Fortune, which as I tell them is wholly in my Power on their Misbehaviour. Tho' in my Conscience, that same *Jolly* would marry her even upon those Terms, if she would consent. There is no Danger of that, but another Danger I see, requires immediate Consideration. Now Forehead—

Enter Gascon.

My good Friend Monsieur *Gascon*! I am glad to see you, how do you do? (*Shaking Hands with him.*)

Gas. Glad 'a to see a me, vat a you mean; when I sent a my Name in, you wou'd a no see a me. How dis, did you no appoint a me, to come a and settle de Affair, of de fair *Angelina*?

Mor. Indeed, Mounfieur, I did; but these Women are such uncertain Things; a wise Man would never have to do with them. Would you think it?

Gas. Tink a vat? vat wou'd a you have a me tink?

Mor. Don't be in Wrath, I could not help it for my Life?

Gas. Vat a could you no help?

Mor. Keep your Temper, and I'll tell you all.

Gas. Ver vell, den; me vill keep a my Temper. Now tell a me.

Mor. A giddy headed Girl, she has gone and engag'd herself without my Knowledge to another.

Gas. Morbleau, who is dat oder? me vill kill a him—

Mor. Alas! how could the poor Man help it?

Gas. Vat no help a stealing away my Mistress? begar me vill run his Heart out his Body.

Mor. What? for a foolish giddy headed Girl?

Gas. Do yon abuse a my Mistress? me vill ram de Vords down a your Troat again. (*Offering to draw.*)

Mor. Come, it was a hasty rash Word, I grant it. But were it not better to accommodate Matters?

Gas. Vat accommodate? Vat mean a you?

Mor. Why suppose I could prevail on the honest Man to part with five hundred Pounds.

Gaf. Vat five hundred Pounds? Vat honest a Man?

Mor. Why, Squire *Teaguy*.

Gaf. *Morbleau!* he de honest a Man? and he steal away my Mistrefs. Begar me vill go first and reproch de Lady for preferring de *Irish* Scoundrel to de *Franchisman*. Den me vill run him trow de Body for a de Robbery, de cheat a me; and den look a to yourself, begar. (going out.)

Mor. This will ruin me. I am blown up. *Monfieur*, hear me a Word. I have more to offer. Pray come back. For your Mrs. *Angelina's* sake favour me. (Calling louder and louder.)

Gaf. Vat a you say? for my Mistrefs *Angelina's* Sake? Vill a you tell a de Lady vat profound a Respect me did pay a to her Name?

Mor. I will, indeed and indeed I will.

Gaf. Vel den, I vill only go and kill de dam Dog my Rival. Begar he sal have no more Souls den a Goose in his Body by To-morrow Morning.

Mor. Will nothing but Death do your Business? Murder is a sad Thing, *Monfieur*.

Gaf. Sad a Ting? Begar me vill kill a ten Devils if dey do steal away my Mistrefs.

Mor. Let me talk to him first. Allow me an Hour's Time, perhaps I may get him to resign her. All Men are not so obstinately bent, nor so bloody-minded.

Gaf. Vell den; me vill allow a you two one Hours to live; provided I may visit *Angelina* in de mean a Time.

Mor. Stay till my Return, I ask no more. It cannot be long, and then I'll introduce you.

Gaf. Ver vell, me vill a condescend a to stay; but make a you haste; me vill wait at de Coffee-House.

Mor.

Mor. I'll go fix you there, that I may know where to find you.

Gaf. Allons. (*Exit Gascon singing: As they go out one Way, enter Scintilla and Gitty another.*)

Scin. (*Entering*) It shall be so, *Gitty*; I have no other Way left. Go and ask for Mr. *Hearty*, and tell him I entreat to speak a Word with him in this Place upon urgent Affairs.

Git. I go, Madam. Love befriend us. (*Exit Git.*)

Scin. He will not refuse me sure; he always bore the Character of a Gentleman. Besides, what have I else to depend upon? my Fortune's near exhausted by my Vanity; my Friends forsaking me every Day, and my Character suffering by all. I have a Ballad quite apropos, if it was not so Publick: But hang it, there's nobody near, I'll e'en humour my Melancholy. (*Sings the Ballad*) To sing and cry in a Breath is said to be the Quality of a *Frenchman*, and we decry it and laugh at it. But upon my Word I never experienced their Affinity 'till now. Some would call this the Vapours; it may be so; but different sure from the common Malady of that Name, since these are the Issue of Consideration. I wish he was come; I am as dubious, and yet as inquisitive as if before an Oracle, and yet my whole Fate depends upon one as much a Mortal as myself; wretched Inquietude! and the more wretched as of my own procuring! But I see *Gitty*; and as I live the Person I wanted, with her. Now Luck or never!

Enter Hearty and Gitty.

Heart. Did you send to speak with me, Lady?

Scin. I did indeed, Sir; and you have answer'd the great Character the World gives you in granting my Request. *Gitty* go on one Side.

Heart. Well, Madam! What are your Commands?

Scin. Commands, Mr. *Hearty*, I have none; but if you'll hear me, with Patience hear me, I hope so
to

to touch your Heart as to make you not repent your Grant of my Request: But to introduce what I have to say, I beg you will answer me one Question, with the Candour and Sincerity worthy of a Christian and a Gentleman.

Heart. You seem under some Concern, Madam.

Scin. Indeed I am so; but your Answer to my Question will, perhaps——

Heart. What is your Question, Madam?

Scin. Nothing, 'till you give me Assurance, it shall be answer'd without Collusion or Reserve.

Heart. If it is of that Importance you seem to hint at, I do promise you an Answer with all the Integrity and Fairness you demand.

Scin. Now, then, I'll put you to the Text. Tell me, but tell me truly, what has been hitherto your real Opinion of me? and how has my Character stood with you and those you convers'd with?

Heart. Really, Lady, you confound me. It is a Question I was really unprovided for—unexpected—

Scin. I had not sent, if I had not had a full Confidence, that I might depend entirely upon your Honour and Integrity.

Heart. It is an odd Question, Lady. And I cannot perceive any material Tendency it can have in its Answer.

Scin. A deceitful Answer can have none: But a faithful Answer is of Moment to me, tho' it may not affect you.

Heart. Pray repeat your Question.

Scin. What has been hitherto your real Opinion of me? or how has my Character stood with you, and those you convers'd with?

Heart. And you expect a plain and candid Answer?

Scin. The more plain and candid the better; and the more like a Man of Honour.

Heart. Then be pleased or displeased, Lady, I'll give

give it you. All allow'd you Fair, and none deny'd you Wit: Yet there was somewhat so fantastick, and out of the Way, in regard to your Conduct, that tho' it could not efface, it fully'd all the brighter Parts, even to your Virtue——

Scin. I hope nobody could pretend to arraign that, Mr. *Hearty*?

Heart. Which, since you exact it, I must be plain with you, render'd you the greatest Riddle in your Sex, or Nature.

Scin. I thank you, Sir; and to shew I do, now hear with a little Patience, a faithful and true Account of myself from my own Lips——I was left young, with a Fortune not despicable; and by my Father's over Indulgence, intirely at my own Disposal, tho' barely fifteen; what you say all allow'd, and none deny'd, furnish'd me with Plenty of Pretenders; some in an honourable Way; more the Reverse——One of the former had more Hold of my Heart than I could have wish'd: For so soon as he found himself without a Rival, I discover'd that I had got a very powerful One, which was himself. From an ardent Lover he turn'd to an errant Beau; and from a pretended Passion for me, falls into one less justifiable for his own Person; I took this as a Slight, and he seem'd not displeas'd at my so taking it. However, to retrieve him, I threw myself into all Companies where he was to be met with, and the better to accomplish my Ends, took up his own fantastick Airs——This put me to great Expence, which has almost ruin'd my Fortune: Tho' I defy the most barbarous of your whole Sex, to lay a Blemish on my Virtue.

Heart. How imprudent it is to judge by Appearances? I profess myself, Lady, once of that Number. But to atone for my Mistake, tell me what Service I can do you?

Scin.

Scin. Your Advice, Sir, is all I crave : and Mr. *Quiddany* is the Party.

Heart. *Quiddany*? ha! why he is but a Pig Beau, of nine Months standing.

Scin. Thereabouts.

Heart. Have you any thing under his Hand?

Scin. Not since he elop'd from his Senses; but before, Letters in Abundance——As a Specimen of which, there is one; but I see him coming this Way——I leave my Cause wholly in your Hands, Mr. *Hearty*, and should be proud of the Honour, if I might make you my Guardian——Some Part of my Fortune is yet safe——

Heart. I will not deceive the Trust, and you shall find it, fair Lady——When I go hence I shall return to *Morose's* and repeat it. [*Exit Scintilla*] How much Injury has the World done this pretty Creature? and I among the rest? For my Part I look upon it as a Piece of good Fortune thrown into my Hands, that I can make her any amends——For when a Man, by his Inadvertence, has contributed to an Injury, the least he can do is to endeavour a Reparation—but the Letter before he is here. [*Reads, and as reading, enter Quid.*]

Quid. I always thought I should find this *Morose* an old Bite; but it's no Matter, let me perish if I value either Woman or Money at a Sice. [*Spying Hearty.*] My dear Friend *Hearty*, what at thy Billets all Day long?

Heart. It is very true——you guess right——I was reading a Billet, and such a Billet as may cost me a Quarrel——and you are come opportunely to be my Second.

Quid. Art thou so weak in thy Intellects, *Hearty*, as to think any Woman worth quarrelling for?

Heart. And if I mistake not, you will be of my mind, when you see this Letter.

Quid.

Quid. I grievously mistake my own Mind, *Hearty*, if I shall. *Angelina* herself should not make my Sword peep out of its Scabbard.

Heart. Another may do what *Angelina* can't.

Quid. Dem it, Mr. *Hearty*, if I am acquainted with that other.

Heart. You would be of another Opinion, if you read what I have in my Hand.

Quid. Does it concern me then? prithee let me read it, my dear Friend, if it does.

Heart. You'll return it me again, sound, Wind and Limb?

Quid. Upon my Honour I will——

Heart. Read it then——there it is——[*Giving it him.*]

Quid. How's this——my own Letter to *Scintilla*——Prithee how can'st thou by this old Testament Scrawl? (*Offering it back to Hearty.*)

Heart. Read first, and then ask Questions.

Quid. I know the Text too well, to want a Comment.

Heart. Read I say; your Memory may deceive you——(*Quid. reads and scratches his Head*) I find it works——indeed my Friend I have you fast. (*Aside.*) Well, what say you to it?

Quid. That she is as impertinent as you and the rest of the World once thought her.

Heart. That she is Fair——does not want Wit——and has her full Share of Virtue, you nor any Man in the World dare deny——

Quid. Dare——

Heart. I said dare, *Quiddany*, and repeat it——give me the Letter——

Quid. I find she has Charms enough to make you commence Bully, *Hearty*.

Heart. Give me the Letter, I say——

Quid. Suppose I say no—I ought to know how you came by it——

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Heart. Not fallaciously and treacherously, as you stole her Affections, and then forsook her—

Quid. He, he, he, did she tell you so? Have I not Reason to believe, you came by this then much the same Way?

Heart. To clear her Reputation, Know she has chose me her Guardian, and I'll not see her wrong'd. Therefore once more the Letter—or answer your Honour this other Way. (*Laying his Hand to his Sword.*)

Quid. I told you my Opinion before, that no Woman could be worth a Quarrel: Therefore take the Letter; and what I wonder will you do with it now you have it. (*Giving back the Letter.*)

Heart. Oh! Sir, never trouble yourself for that; in the Hands of a good Lawyer here's that will amount to a Promise of Marriage—besides twenty more of the very same Stamp—if you will expose yourself, who can help it?

Quid. At this rate then Writing and Reading too will prove a Curse to Mankind.

Heart. The Abuse ever will be so; but the right Use, ever will be otherwise. Then you say *Cur-rat Læ*?

Quid. Prithee, *Hearty*, why so hot? All sober People agree, that Matrimony is a Thing of a serious Consideration—let me have a little considering Time—perhaps I may play the Fool voluntarily, sooner than by Force.

Heart. You have play'd the Fool voluntarily already, my good Friend; your Part is to wipe out the Fool with the wise and honest Man.

Quid. Why, indeed, I shall begin to have a better Opinion of her, since I find you have taken up the Crotchet—But prithee tell me, how that Revolution came about?

Heart. By the Virtue of her own Tongue; which hereafter will be an Oracle with me.

Quid.

Quid. And hast thou really, so good an Opinion of her? Thou dost not use to deceive People, *Hearty*.

Heart. I have not a better Opinion of *Angelina*, nor any other of her Sex. Had you heard her, when she came to desire me to be her Guardian, how movingly she express'd herself, without any bitter Reproaches on you; you wou'd have condemn'd yourself for all the Follies you had made her guilty of—I could hardly get the Letter out of her Hands.

Quid. Poor Fool! well, grant me one Request, and I'll ask no more; and it may be it may tend more to your Ends——

Heart. What is that?

Quid. Leave the whole Affair in my Hands, you shall find I will do her Justice.

Heart. May I trust you?

Quid. If you are dubious, there's a Hostage——
(*Pulling out his Looking-glass and delivering it.*)

Heart. Is it not infectious, *Quiddany*? I should be loth to turn——

Quid. Fool, you would say. But all I mean by it, is to convince you, by parting with my Furniture, that I am determin'd to break up House.

Heart. Speed you well, as the Countryman says. Well, what remains?

Quid. Only to be with her at *Morose's* an Hour hence at the Opening of the Assembly, and leave the rest to me.

Heart. I'll go directly about it. [*Exit Hearty.*]

Quid. And art thou caught at last, *Quiddany*?— Caught? why caught? didst thou not love the fair Creature Years ago? Dearly as Life itself; 'till I fell in with that Nest of Self-lycophants, who seduced me into that preposterous Heresy of Self-admiration. The Fair forsooth was not worth admiring; and yet they could admire their foul Selves; tho' it was setting up a Wainscot Board in Opposition to Alabaster.

baster. It is true, some few of 'em had Effeminacy enough in their Faces, to pass for Members of the Sex they ridicul'd; but as soon as you came to examine, all that native Sweetness, that Bloom of beautiful Nature was far away, which made them look like China Images on wooden Pedestals; I, forsooth, for my own Part, must be Fool enough to be persuaded to purchase a Pocket Mirrour; tho' since nobody's near, I will confess to myself, that I never went to take a Look, but I took a Surfeit; let Justice witness for me, my dear *Scintilla*, my Restorative, my constant Ideal Elixir, that in striving to drive thee out of my Thoughts, I only drove thee farther in; and fix'd thee fast where now thou ever shalt be fix'd. Away, away, ye Hermophraditical Race! who aim to appear, what you are not, ashamed to appear what you are. Lampoon the Fair no more with your awkward Affectations, and your abusive Imitations; pay 'em the Homage which their Eyes demand; and shew in that you know to use your own——But what makes *Jolly* in such a Hurry? something has ruffled him.

Enter Jolly.

Jol. Did you see *Hearty*, Mr. *Quiddany*?

Quid. What's the Matter, Friend *Jolly*?

Jol. I ask you if you saw *Hearty*, and you answer with impertinent Questions. (*peevishly.*)

Quid. I did see him; he was here just now, is just gone; but whither I know not——will that do?

Jol. Just as a Yard of Rope to a Well ten Yards deep——I must go find him out——[*going*]

Quid. He'll be at *Morose's* by and by.

Jol. Yes, if he can get Admittance; but I want him immediately.

Quid. See! who comes yonder?

Jol. *Angelina*, I protest——Dear *Quiddany*, serve thy Friend, and see if thou canst find *Hearty*, and bring him hither.

Quid.

Quid. You'll say I am a Friend indeed, that can trust a Mistress with you.—However I'll go to serve you—(*Enter Angelina, and exit Quiddany.*)

Jol. Fairest Creature! did the Ill-natur'd Dog use thee as he did me?

Ang. I was resolv'd not to stay the Trial; so I took the first Opportunity of the Door's being open. But what are we to do? Sure no Court of Justice will allow of such Traffick?

Jol. I am of the same Opinion my Fair; and only wait for *Hearty's* Approbation of what I have resolv'd on.

Ang. It was unlucky his going away.

Jol. Perhaps not; he would not have parted without Words and Blows too; and very probably have made a Discovery of what we are not yet ripe for; but I have prevail'd on *Quiddany* to find him out.

Ang. *Quiddany*, is he not one of the Chafferers?

Jol. Vexation had drove it out of my Head; but it's no great Matter; for I dare say he'll discharge his Trust. But say, dear *Angelina*, may'nt I now encourage Hope?

Ang. I beseech you harp no more on that String, unless you mean to disoblige me. When all's secure will be Time enough to talk of those Matters. I am resolv'd I'll see the upshot now.—Such a Face of Treachery fills me with all the Fears imaginable—what will my poor Sister do?

Jol. Your Huckster, dearest, can but answer that.

Ang. Lord! what an unguarded Man was my poor Father, to put it into the Hands of such a Villain.

Jol. Villainy rarely shows itself in the Forehead: Its Seat is at the Heart. And who upon Earth can fathom the Heart of Man? The Honest are ever easiest deceiv'd. However, as we have luckily discover'd the Roguery, and made you, my dearest Creature sensible of it, I fancy, there will be no great

great Difficulty in settling all Things to our Satisfaction. The Accusation is so shocking, and the Proof so plain, *Morose* can never stand it.

Ang. I wish you may not flatter yourself: We easily believe the Thing we wish. But he that could be guilty of so base an Action, what will he stick at?

Jol. The Remnant of a Reputation he is still Owner of; for which Reason Fear of Shame may equally operate with Fear of Punishment——But see where *Hearty's* Man comes.

Enter Snap.

Well, *Snap*, where's thy Master?

Snap. I left him in Company with a Name's-fake of mine, Sir.

Jol. A Name's-fake of thine, who's that?

Snap. Mr. *Morose*, and he, were snapping at one another like mad, which shou'd have most of him.

Jol. Did you hear what was the Occasion, *Snap*?

Snap. Marry, I heard my Master tell him he was but a Scoundrel to use you in such a Manner——Upon which they stood snap, snap, for a good while, 'till Mr. *Quiddany* came up and whisper'd somewhat in my Master's Ear. When he call'd me and bid me run hither to desire you to stay 'till he came: But if you please, I had best run back, Sir; for *Morose* had got Mr. *Gascon*, and two or three more came up to him that I did not like——that I don't know but Mischief may follow.

Jol. Prithee run back, *Snap*, and tell him I'll obey his Orders——But if their Words are like to come to Blows, come away directly.

Scin. To be sure I will, Sir.

[*Exit Snap.*]

Jol. I long to hear the Issue, fairest Creature. However you see *Quiddany* was honest and friendly, and perform'd his Promise.

Ang. 'Tis an odd Compost, rather than Composition of Humanity. That Man has somewhat more

in his Nature, than Nature will permit him to make Use of. Yet of all the Troublers of my Repose, he was the least troublesome. If I said nothing, he was silent ; or if I broke Silence, he was so complaisant never to give me Interruption.

Jol. You did not manage him in due Form, my dearest Creature. The Beaux expect to be flatter'd, not to flatter——To make any of 'em your Friend, you must be sure first to be your own Enemy. Incongruities best define them, and Inconsistencies best explain them.

Ang. Let me add, and none but fellow Ideots make use of 'em, and then tell me in what a fine Situation your due Form would fix me——But I am grievous uneasy for dear *Lydia*——and this is meer while away——It neither diverts nor profits.

Jol. If *Hearty* had not sent to me to stay for him I would have waited on you to have made some Enquiry.

Ang. And suppose we should have met *Morose* in our Way?

Jol. As you have put yourself under my Protection, *Morose* nor all the Force he could raise should rob me of the Glory : But have a little Patience, fairest Creature : It is very probable when *Hearty* comes he will bring News of *Lydia*.

Ang. I wish he may bring her along with him ; and then I shall have but one other Wish to make.

Jol. Would the fair *Angelina* allow me to guess at that other Wish?

Ang. Do not attempt it—you will lose your Labour, and show your Vanity.

Jol. It has been a Dispute among the Learned, whether a Friend is not a closer Relation than a Brother ; but I imagine, united, the Cement should not grow weaker, nor the Alliance less firm.

Ang.

Ang. You are right in your Guess, but how you came by it is beyond my Skill to guess.

Jol. I should highly blame my Heart, fair *Angelina*, for the Weakness of its Intelligence, if it fail'd of greater Discoveries than that.

Ang. Did you ever hear Mr. *Hearty* speak of her?

Jol. Never 'till lately, on my saying, what is natural to say of a Person he admires and loves; I confess, says he, *Angelina* has the Advantage in Beauty; but I cannot think in other engaging Accomplishments, that her Sister is any thing short of her.

Ang. Why would you conceal this?

Jol. I did not think it of Importance; but if my Fairest will give me leave in my Turn to ask a Question. Pray what Sentiments has *Lydia* of my Friend?

Ang. Sentiments? why what Sentiments would you have her to have?

Jol. Dearest Creature! did I answer you so? will you give me leave to guess?

Ang. No! nor to attempt it neither; you have such an ominous Knack, that I fear to put you to the Test.

Jol. He has, dear *Angelina*, a fair Character and a fine Estate——

Ang. What of all that?

Jol. His Person far from indifferent——

Ang. What's all this to my Sister——

Jol. She has Eyes—she has Judgment—(and if you'll Pardon my saying what I shall always say in Raptures) a Heart no less tender than her heavenly Sister's——

Ang. Grant it all; can you draw a good Inference?

Jol. If you say the Word, *Angelina*——

Ang. I wish——

Jol. Your Wishes dearest Creature, will ever determine my Endeavours.

Jol.

Ang. Oh! *Jolly, Jolly*, to deliver us both out of the Clutches of this old Harpye — I leave you to draw Conclusions.

Jol. Dear *Angelina!* the fair Prospect of it gave me Pleasure before; but your Declaration gives me — what I want a Name for — I'll attempt it — or die in the Attempt if I succeed not.

Ang. I am prodigiously pleas'd at your Ardour — (*Giving her Hand which he kisses.*) Do you think *Mr. Hearty* stays?

Jol. Had there been any Danger his Man would have been back — But see who's this makes towards us.

Ang. Pretty *Scintilla* and her Maid *Gitty.* —

Jol. Impertinnence is troublesome at all Times, but much more now.

Ang. But ill Nature and want of good Manners, can never become a Gentleman at any Time. If not to her, shew a little Decency to the Sex.

Jol. I am reprimanded, dearest Creature; but I wish you may not repent you good Opinion.

Ang. It would be very extraordinary if I should — my Sister and I have enjoy'd her good Company Hours together without ever being able to discover any of that Impertinnence or Fantasticalness some have so liberally bestow'd upon her — Perhaps, it might proceed from our own Defects; — We never could find any other than Decency and Freedom in her Wit, and nothing ever fell from her Tongue in our shallow Opinions, that a Woman of the nicest Virtue need to blush for, or be asham'd of. But there are a sort of Male Criticks that are always so free of their Characters of our weak Sex as we must by Custom call ourselves, that without any regard to their own Characters, they quite forget to make any Distinction between Truth and Falshood, or Reality and Invention.

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Jol. Dearest *Angelina*! How happy is she under my mistaken Opinion, since it has engaged your bright Sense, in her Defence.

(*Scintrilla and Gitty advance.*)

Scint. Dear Lady your humble Servent; which of my better Planets threw you in my Way---And in this Place?

Ang. The Planets were all blinking on my Side, till your Appearance brightned them, Child!

Scint. What's the Matter my Dear? Any Misfortune?

Ang. --- Not turn'd out of Doors I confess; but glad to quit the House for Quietness sake. ---

Scint. Where is your Sister then, my Dear?

Ang. I am in pain for her; I wish you would do a Deed of Charity and find her out, to know how it fares with her; if well, would much alleviate my own Misfortunes.

Scint. You amaze me --- Where did you leave her?

Ang. At Home.

Scint. If you command it, I will go directly, and discharge what further Commands you lay upon me, without impertinently staying to ask further Questions.

Ang. Only tell her if you please, where I am, and with whom; and that I should be glad to confer Notes with her as soon as she possibly can.

Scint. Dear Lady esteem my Friendship, as I discharge your Orders. Come *Gitty*. (*Exit Scin. and Gitty.*) This will give me an Opportunity more fortunate than I could have dreamt of---

Ang. I shall be somewhat easier now---the Hopes of seeing or hearing from *Lydia*, like the Sick Man's Cordial, will keep my Spirits also up a while---

Jol. Never afflict yourself, dear *Angelina*, with imaginary Terrors. *Lydia* is safe, no doubt on't; or *Hearty* would have found a Way to let us know it.

Ang.

Ang. Hope is the Market of the miserable ; if it was not for that Recourse, the best of human Life would be a Burden.

Jol. And yourself, my dearest *Angelina*, have given me such a true Sketch of human Life, as will be of use to me as long as I live.

Ang. Wherein I pray ?

Jol. In setting me to rights in the Character of the pretty Lady last parted from ; I observ'd her Speeches attentively, and to make a candid Confession, not quite discharged of my old Prejudices ; but I avow to you, on the whole, I could not say there wanted my own Deference to your brighter Judgment to byass me. And it shall ever after have this Effect upon me, to fix this as a rational Rule, never to give my Assent to any Character, that is not asserted by the Good, rather than the Many.

Ang. Good Resolutions are prudent when prudently put in Practice. But is not that *Lucy*——

Jol. Most certainly it is——

Enter Lucy.

Ang. She sees not——pray step to her, she comes undoubtedly from my Sister——

(*Jolly steps up to Lucy.*)

Lucy. Oh ! my dear Lady, I am glad I have found you.——

Ang. Where is my Sister ? How does she ?

Lucy Indeed, Madam, I know nothing of her. I have been searching all the House over for both your Ladyships to no Purpose. And was going to enquire for you at Miss *Scintilla's*, when Mr. *Hearty* interrupted me ; and desired me to come to this Gentleman, in this Place, and deliver a Message to him.

Jol. And what was it, *Lucy* ?

Lucy That you, and the Person that was with you, would go to the Coffee-House under the *Pi-azzas* as soon as possible, and in a private Room by

Jos. Was there no Body with him?
Lucy Next to no Body, Sir! only Mr. *Quiddany*.
 There had been more, *Monfieur Gaston*, Squire
Teaguy, and I know not who——and there had
 been high Words too —— But, as far as I can find,
 Matters are in a fair Way of being made up; and
 they are going there for that Purpose.

Lucy She was on the other Side of the Way, Madam, very near our House; but I did not care to cross for fear of losing Time.

Ang. Lord! I know not what to think of poor *Lydia*. Go you back *Lucy*, and find her out; and when you have found her, come along with her to the Coffee-House: My Heart will be all in a Mutiny, till I hear of her.

Jol. Tell Heartly we have follow'd Orders,
Lucy.--(Exit Jol. and Ang. one Way, and Lucy another.--)

SCENE. *A Large Coffee-Room.*

Enter Landlady, and a Servant or two.

Land. Make haste, and get all Things in Order: **Mr. Hearty** has sent Word, he shall have a great deal of Company here.——— (*Exit Landlady.*)

1. Serv. Shall we have any Dancing, Dick?

2. *Serv.* I believe so, for here's his constant Companion, Captain *Jolly*, is just come in with a Lady in his Hand, but they are gone into that little Room there.

1. Serv.

1. *Serv.* Right---Two People may dance without a Fiddle, Dick.

2. *Serv.* It's well my Mistress did not hear you---She'd ha' broke your Fools Head for your Instructions. And so would the Captain too, I can tell you that if he shou'd hear you.

1. *Serv.* I shall not fall into that Error twice: He beat me out of it once before.

Enter Landlady.

Land. Is the Room ready? They are here. Take away that Perriwig Box, Blockhead; Do you make this your Dressing-Room? So; so; It's well now; Be gone, and show Mr. Hearty up. (*Exit Land.*)

Enter Hearty and Quiddany.

Heart. If *Morose* asks for me, show him and his Company up.

1. *Serv.* No body else, Sir?

Heart. Not without Orders.

1. *Serv.* Not the Captain, Sir? He ask'd for you this Moment-----

Heart. Was any Body with him?

1. *Serv.* A Lady, Sir---They are in the little Room there-----

Heart. Very well: Go you about your Business till call'd for--- (*Exit Servant.*) The old Fox was very buffy at first, *Quiddany*: But I brought him two Peggs lower when I threatned him with my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, which makes me thorough convinced there is some foul Play---

Quid. I observ'd as much---But what do you intend to do here?---

Heart. To unravel the Plot for another Place. I desire you'll only be careful to take Notice of what passes. I shall be forced to assume a little more Authority than I have, to expose 'em all. And I rejoice, for your Part, that you are out of the Question.

Quid.

Quid. Dear Mr. *Hearty*, I am oblig'd to you; for I confess I was weary of the Fool's Coat, but had worn it so long, I could not cleverly strip myself of it; --- But I profess to you, I begin to think myself a new Man; I only wish you would be my Guardian as well as *Scintilla's*. I will take all possible Care you should not be asham'd of your Word. And if I mistake not, your new Favourite *Scintilla* will thank you. But did not you say that you expected her at *Morose's* House?

Heart. It is impossible for human Reason to be provided for every sudden Turn of Fortune; We must therefore wait her Humour---But I am glad to see you impatient----But hush; -- I hear 'em---

Enter *Morose*, *Gascon*, *Chiviot*, *Teaguy*, *Belch* and *Blow*.

Heart. Set Chairs, Drawer, round the Table.--- Gentlemen your Servant. --- Take your Places, and if you please, *Morose*, I'll sit next you.

r. Serv. What will you please to drink Gentlemen?

Gas. A Bottle of *Francise* Wine for me.

Chiv. I'll join with you Monsieur: The French were always our Country Favourites.

Bel. Bring a me de Bottle of old Hock; yaw *Rascal* _____

Heart. You and I *Quiddany* will join in a Bottle of old Port --- But what will you call for Squire *Teaguy*?

Tea. O my Shoul not any Ting dear Hony.---I don't care what.

Mor. As we sit together Mr. *Hearty*, if you please we will be of a Mess.

Heart. With all my Heart --- perhaps it may breed better Blood between us.

Mor. I desire nothing more.---Remember what you have undertaken. (*Whispering.*)

Enter

Enter Drawers with Wine and Glasses.

Heart. Have a little Patience; let's do nothing rashly—*(Fills out a Glass.)* Come, Gentlemen, Here's Success to our present Affair—*(Drinks.)*—

All. We thank you, Sir. — *(All Drink but Teaguy)* —

Bel. *(To Teaguy)* Vat vil yeaw nat pledge, Myn Heer?

Tea. O my Shoul now I ha no Liquor.

1. Serv. You have all you call'd for, Sir.

Tea. Bring me a Bottle of Usquebaugh, Honey—

1. Serv. We have not two Gallons in the House, Sir.

Tea. Hasht thou any —?

1. Serv. Bonny Clabber? No Sir.

Bel. Come Myn Heer taken a Glas vid me. *(Teaguy drinks)* How liken it yeaw?

Tea. O my Shoul now it may be very good: — But I desire no more on't that don't I. —

Heart. Begone, faucy Rascal and shut the Door after you. — *(To Dick steering at Teaguy)* Now Gentlemen, to Bufiness — my Friend, Mr. Morose here, acquaints me, that he has a difficult Jobb upon his Hands; and he has therefore desir'd my Advice and Assistance, towards Compromizal. Do ye all agree to it? — *(They all look one upon another without answering)* — What? No Answer? Then I must tell you farther, the Man of most Merit, is design'd to carry the Prize, and I am appointed to hear you every one, and make a fair Report, to the fair Principal. — What say you now?

All. Agreed, agreed.

Heart. Who begins?

Mor. Mr. Quiddany, stands first in the List.

Heart. Come Sir, What have you to say?

Quid.

Quid. That for want of Merit; ——— I decline all Pretensions.

Heart. A fair Beginning. I wish they had all Merit enough to follow so good a President.

Mor. How's this? Mr. *Quiddany*, are you in earnest?

Quid. I have said ———

Mor. So far then is well over.

(Aside.)

Heart. Who is the next?

Mor. *Gil. Chiviot*, Esquire, ———

Heart. What say you, Sir?

Chiv. That if Merit is to succeed naeen need mauke any Question of mine. Wat yee weel, lfe kens there is na Accaion for Examination.

Heart. Is that all you have to say?

Chiv. Gin ye want more ——— I must appeal tull my Friend Mr. *Morose*, if He did na offer geud Scotch Land for Security for Performance of Covenants?

Heart. But what were those? Scotch Covenants?

Mor. Whatever they were, I did not think fit to take his Covenants ——— so there's a second over. ——— I wish I was as well over the Third ———

Heart. Who's Turn's next?

Mor. *Squire Teaguy's*. ———

Tea. Ara, naw, my Merit is Visible ——— I have it under Hand and Seal, that have I ———

Heart. That's a Curiosity indeed ——— pray let us see that!

Tea. O my Shoul so shall ye ——— so thoon as I can find it. *(Feeling in his Pocket.)* There it is for you. ——— *(Giving a Ballad into his Hand.)*

Heart. What's this? The Ballad of the Fryar and the Nun. ——— Is this your visible Merit?

Tea. A my Shoul now, then some body has put the Sheat upon me, that have they.

Heart. What should it have been?

Tea. It should it a been a Bond under dat Gentleman's

man's Hanes to deliver me the fair Lady *Angelina*, on my being shatisfied with half her Mony's.

Heart. (To *Morose*) Did you ever give him such a Bond?

Mor. Do you think I did? Never, never, and if I had him in a proper Place, I'd make him smart for his *Irish* Assertion.

Tea. O my Shoul, now you be of de Family of de Devile---dat you are now, — to deny your own Hand writing.

Mor. How do I deny it! Produce it, and then.

Tea. O, Hone! O, Hone! That ever Man should sheat me of my Mistress, --- of my Mony, and of my Bond too--- O my Shoul I will be after finding him out, and then---a Boo---Boo---Boo--- (*Runs out howling.*)

Mor. There's a third gone--- But the two worst I fear are yet to come---they are terrible Creatures---my Blood curdles at the very Thoughts of 'em. (*Aside.*)

Heart. *Teaguy's* gone, who's next?

Mor. Myn Heer *Belch* and *Blow*.

Heart. Well Myn Heer, is your Merit visible too?

Bel. Yaw Myn Heer: For I plead na Merit to *Angelina*---you remember--- (*Aside to Mor.*)

Mor. I do, I do.

Heart. Then you quit all Pretensions?

Bel. Yaw, yaw; to *Angelina*, I quit all Pretensions.--- (*To Mor. aside.*) When shall we sign and seal?

Mor. As soon as ever I get Home.

Heart. And do you relinquish your Bargain three Months after Marriage? That you told me of---

Bel. Yaw, yaw; I relinquish all Bargains vor *Angelina*---But---

Heart. What's the Meaning of that, But, Myn Heer?

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Mor. (*Jogging him*) I tell you it shall be done; What would you have more?

Heart. I doubt there is some Equivocation in all this; and it will puzzle me how to make a good Report.

Mor. How can that be? when he fairly and fully relinquishes----Don't you?

Bel. Yaw, yaw, as to *Angelina*-----

Mor. Don't you hear him?----

Heart. Yes, and understand him now --- But I shall watch you both: For I guess at your Rogueries-----Then there's no more to be done ---

Gaf. Vat no more? Make a you noting of me? Must a me be excluded?

Heart. I beg your Pardon *Monfieur Gafcon*---that would not be just by any Means; a Man of your Parts and Merit-----

Gaf. Ver vel; Den you give it me on a my Side for a de Lady?

Heart. Never, without a Hearing, *Monfieur*.

Gaf. Vat a Hearing? Der is one has no Merit, he confess a it too. Anoder had a all de Merit, but was at a Loss to find any but in his own Opinion. De Tird run away from a de ver Sight of it-----And de fourth gave it all up. Den a if me have a Merit as you say, fure dat is better den all de rest.-----

Heart. If I used your own Weapon, Complaisance, *Monfieur*; you should not take the Advantage of it, since I meant as little by it as most of you---But now for a little substantial Reality, and that will soon set all to right-----

Gaf. Vat Substantial? me no kno vat you mean a by Substantial and Realities.-----

Heart. How can you merit the fair Lady? that's he Question ---

Gaf. Merit a de fair Lady? Begar a me can fight a for de fair Lady-----me can dance for de fair Lady

Lady——me can sing for de fair Lady——And den vat signifies Substantials and a Realities?——

Heart. And when you have done all those, you may so far merit the fair Lady——But till then Monsieur——

Gas. Till den? Vat till den?

Heart. As far as I can see, you are like to go without the fair Lady——

Gas. Vidout a de fair Lady, how can dat a be? Monsieur *Morose* did you no tell a me dat you wou'd get a *Teaguy* to resign a de fair Lady to me a? and a dat you would den introduce a me to de fair Lady? and was a no me to allow a you upon dat one two tree *Toufand* a Pounds?

Mor. I was a-sleep sure when I said it, Monsieur.

Gas. A-sleep! Morbleau! Vat you mean a by dat?— (*Rising and laying his Hand on his Sword.*)

Heart. Look you, Monsieur, no bullying in this Place——What your particular Trafficking has been I care not, only I had a Mind to draw you altogether, that I might have a favourable Opportunity of exposing your monstrous and ungentee! Traffick for forbidden Fruit. I ask of you all. Did ever any of you ask the Consent of the fair Lady *Angelina*?

Chiv. But we had the Consent of her Guardian——And he has the Disposol of her Fortune.

Heart. Not of her Person.

Gas. Begar ver true! And let a me traffick for a de Mony, and let a who vil traffick for a de Person.——

Heart. You speak honestly Monsieur, and I believe the Sense of most. However, to speak more of the Brutality of the Action on your Part, Gentlemen, I have reason to believe will avail little. Therefore to you, *Morose*, I now direct myself——I have pretty well discharged my Promise made to you, as to those: I wish you would as well discharge

the Trust and Duty incumbent upon you, as to the two Ladies under your Guardianship.

Mor. I don't hear any Thing laid to my Charge contradictory ; unless Surmizes may pass for Argument.——

Heart. Reflect a little ; and see if you can say that over again : We'll pass by *Quiddany* : He had too much Honour to accept your Offers, which he's here in Person ready to avow ; *Chiviot* owns, and you did not deny an Advance ; *Belch* and *Blow* confess'd the like to me.——

Bel. Yaw but yeaw bin but one single Evidence.--
(*Gas. and Chiv. talk together.*)

Heart. I presume I can find another ; but here's Monsieur at Hand to pin the Basket ; and if all this be nothing contradictory ; to Honesty, good Faith or Humanity ; What say you to *Teaguy* ?——

Mor. You saw he run away from his Evidence.

Gas. Don't you be afraid Guardian, we'll stand a by you. (*Jolly bursts into a Laughter.*)

Jol. Don't be afraid *Hearty*, I am at thy Back.

Heart. Put up your Swords Gentlemen, if I may call you so, they are only fit to fright Cowards ; *Jolly* give me that Paper—And now to show *Morose* a Villain, and his Chafferers not over wise—

Mor. A Villain ?

Heart. I call you no more than I'll prove you. Here's the very Writing, which he sign'd seal'd and deliver'd to *Teaguy* to have half *Angelina's* Fortune, on his having her Person.

Mor. But has he her Person ?——

Enter Angelina.

Ang. No ! her Person is here, thank Heaven ! without him, but I find your Will was what I can't call good.

Enter

Enter Drawer, shewing Teaguy in and two others with him.

Tea. (Entering speaks to his followers.) Be sure you remember, dear Hony, that you saw and read the Bond before it was losht — And dat dish is a true Copy of it.---

1. *Serv.* O my Shoul now, only tell us what we shall swhear, thou shall find us Proficient, dat sal you.

Tea. (Coming forward) Now Maishter Hearty, tho' the Bond be losht; here is de original Copy of it, and my pair of Affitanishes to witness it. Wat say you? O my Shoul now, did you no see him sign, seal and deliver this very Writing to me?

1. *Serv.* That did I----

2. *Serv.* And sho did I----

Heart. Let me see that Copy, Squire: I believe it is an Original.

Tea. A my Shoul now, and so I may lose my t'other Original, that may I.

Heart. Thou'rt safe enough, Squire: Thou'lt never want an Original so long as thou keep it thyself-- But I'll return it you again, before all these Witnессes.

Tea. A my Shoul then, and I will trust you now. *(Giving a Writing to Hearty.)*

Heart. Compare it. *(Giving the same to Jolly.)* I am glad, Squire, you had the good Fortune to retrieve it: Things began to carry a dubious Aspect.

Tea. Ashspect, Hony? Didst thou think becaule the Writing was losht, Teigue was losht too. A bo bo never fear, a Fitnish is a Fitnish all the World over: Ish it not?

Heart. Certainly, Squire: you are extreamply in the Right.

Tea.

Tea. A boo, den I shall have the Money and the Lady too, dat sal I---shall I not?

Heart. If it 'be your Fate, who can withstand it? Do they agree *Jolly*?

Jol. Neither in Line Word or Letter.

Heart. Humh---Give it me.

And you are sure, Squire; this is a true Copy--?

Tea. Arra naw, dost thee think, I would falsify? Are not here my two Affitanishes?

Heart. And you saw (*To the Witnesses*) *Morose* sign the Bond of which this is a true Copy?

1. *Serv.* A my Shoul now did we.

2. *Serv.* And are ready to attesht it in any Court in Christendom.

Heart. Very likely---Drawer, Call the Constable.---

Tea. Arra naw dear Joy, what Constable? Wouldst thou balderdash my Affitanishes? (*they run out.*)

Heart. No! I would only put 'em within Stone Walls, that they may fight the better. But they have disappointed me, and quitted the Field before Battle.

Jol. Their Prudence, if not their Courage must be commended for that.

Tea. Ho ho ho, A my Shoul now me recollect. Monsieur *Jolly*, 'tis you that ha put this Sheat upon me. Did not I trust you Hony, with my Secret?

Jol. Have I abus'd the Trust? Have not I kept the Secret?

Tea. Where ish it then? Give it me.---

Jol. When we have done with it, it shall be at your Service.

Tea. A bo bo bo---Ish this your Honours, your Friendships and your Generosities and all that? But a my Shoul, now I will fetch back my Affitanishes, that will I----

(*Exit.*
Heart.

Heart. Now if you are Gentlemen, or would be thought so ; You *Chiviot* and *Gascon* the Prize-Fighters ! What can you say to all this ? Were not you yourselves abused ?

Gas. Me could a almost blush a, that me could.

Chiv. I believe I do blush, but only my natural Complexion wont let it be seen.

Bel. Blush a ? Vaat be dat blush a ? If it be to look Vite, me always blushes.

Heart. (*Te Morose going.*) You may stay, *Morose*: Or, there's one will stop you at the Door—What I threatned, I immediately put in Execution ; a Constable attends with my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant, if you offer to stir.——

Mor. My Lord Chief Justice's Warrant ? For what ?

Heart. After such Actions, I cannot wonder at such a Question.

Mor. They are in my Power still.

Heart. I'll have 'em out of your Power, before next *Smithfield* Market ; that they may be no longer in Danger of being ty'd up to the Rails.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Three or four Ladies without, desire to speak with you.——

Heart. Ladies speak with me ? *Jolly*, look sharp, I must see who they are ?

Ang. I am still in Pain for poor *Lydia*, neither to hear from *Lucy* nor *Scintilla*, is odd.——

Jol. Don't fright yourself, My Dear *Angelina* ; I am apt to think she is here.

Ang. She would have sent for you.——

Enter Hearty, leading in Lyd. Scin. and Lucy.

Jol. It is as I hop'd, and now I shall be perfectly easy.

Ang.

Ang. (*Running and embracing Lydia.*) my dear Sister, you cannot conceive what Frights you have put me in ; I thought I had lost you.

Lyd. I had Apprehensions upon me too ; but not of that Sort.

Quid. (*Seeing Scintilla*) My dearest *Scintilla*, will you receive and forgive your old Lover?— (*Kneeling to her.*)—

Scin. Is it possible ! Oh ! my Heart.— (*fainting.*)

Heart. She faints.— Have her into the next Room.

Ang. How is this for Heaven's sake ? (*Quiddany carries her in, the Ladies follow.*)

Jol. Do you know any Thing of the Matter, *Hearty*?

Heart. The happy Instrument of two Hours standing —

Jol. Upon my Word your'e a Man of Dispatch— *Angelina* gives her a bright Character.

Heart. A brighter than she deserves, she cannot give.

Jol. I am pleas'd at the Confirmation ; but did *Lydia* say any thing where she had been ?

Heart. No ! but that she had been well employ'd— But here they come— How is the Lady pray ?

Ang. Recover'd, which is more than I am : For I protest she surpriz'd me.

Heart. Here's one almost wishes you sick of the same Distemper, *Angelina*.—

Ang. If those were your Wishes, I should wish you in the like Condition, for some body else.—

Heart. Fye ! Lady, that wou'd not be at all manly : But I fancy *Morose* is almost ready for it—

Lyd. Pray what have you done with him ?

Heart. Pray what can you do with him ?

Lyd. More than you with all your Warrants.

Heart.

Heart. How, Lady? I protest you speak with an Emphasis; but I dare not ask Questions for fear of a Disappointment.

Lyd. Is that your Way of treating a Lady's Word? Or do you intend it only as a Pump?

Heart. Take it which Way you please, so you don't take it amiss.

Lyd. Proceed in your own Way first: But depend upon't, as *Bays* says, I'll Elevate and Surprise--

Heart. Under such a Banner, what Mortal could be afraid of a Battle? Well *Morose*, have you thought Matters over? (*To Morose.*)

Mor. I don't know, Mr. *Hearty*, what you'd have me think on.—

Heart. Not of your Demerits, for fear it should throw you into Despair—think how to make the Ladies amends.—

Mor. I am ready to comply with any thing in Reason.—

Heart. Ladies draw near; you are the Principals. Now *Morose*, What, in the first Place, are their Fortunes?—

Mor. That I cannot exactly tell—There have Losses fallen out, and pretty large too; and that they know: But whatever remains shall be punctually paid 'em according to their Father's Will—If—

Heart. Come, without any If, let the Ladies have a Sight of that Will, or some Friend for 'em.

Mor. That they shall have Mr. *Hearty*; But—

Heart. These If's and But's, *Morose*, are a Commodity I don't care to deal in; You know I have Squire *Teaguy* in full Evidence against you; and who knows if any thing be wanting, but as witty *Farquhar*, his Countryman, says, he may be gone for a whole Ship Load of Usquebaugh and Evidence.

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Mor. I confess it was an Oversight, and how I came to be drawn into't I can't imagine.

Heart. Never put your Imagination upon the Rack: I'll tell you how.-----Avarice the Legitimate Bastard of *Lucifer*, clapt a pair of false Spectacles upon your Nose, which amplify'd the Advantages, but conceal'd all the Inconveniencies. In short, you thought you had a Couple of young Orphans to deal with, and that it behov'd you to make the most of 'em, since, as you imagin'd, they had no Body to take their Parts.-----

Mor. I was under an evil Planet, that's certain--

Heart. Come, the Will, the Will, what say you to the Will? ---

Mor. It is in Being Mr. *Hearty*.

Lyd. Come Sir, put his Modesty no more upon the Tenters; He is in the Right, the Will is in Being, and here it is--- (*Producing it*)--- First give me Leave to tell you how I came by it, and then I'll open the Contents to you; for I own I have read it over and over;-----When you had provok'd our Guardian, in Wrath to follow you to the Door; by leaving his Office Door open, he gave me an Opportunity which I had often sought for, but never before could obtain----The first Thing that presented to my Eyes, was the Will open, and upon it *Teague's* Bond, and another Paper; which in good Hands, may be made excellent Use of. In a Hurry I swept all into my Apron, and sped up to the Garret, to peruse 'em, for which Reason, I was not to be found nor heard of, till *Scintilla* came; and she assuring me, my Guardian was gone out, by *Lucy's* Directions we both came hither.

Heart. What say you now, *Morose*?

Mor. Is not this a Robbery, Mr. *Hearty*?

Heart. A Confess'd Robbery, I grant it;-----
However, fair Lady, don't despair, you may be sav'd,

say'd, tho' your Guardian can't. — But if you please, fair Lady, you say you read the Will, wou'd it not be too much Trouble to hint the Heads of it? —

Lyd. I read it over thrice, Sir, and with the utmost Attention, for fear of a Reprisal. — In the first Place our Fortunes are specify'd, and much beyond my Expectation — In the next Place *Morose* is sole Guardian and Executor, but with a healing Proviso at last, that if either of us found ourselves aggriev'd, it should be in either of our Powers to chuse any other Guardian, after the Age of sixteen, —

Heart. Better and better. Is not all this Fact *Morose*?

Mor. I know of no such Will, Mr. *Heart*; People may forge, or say any thing.

Heart. Pardon me, sage and honest *Morose*, if I believe the Lady before you.

Ang. My dearest Sister, tho' my Impatience wish'd you with me, I find you were better employ'd to both our Benefits.

Lyd. One Word more, and I have done — If what I have said be true, as here are authentick Vouchers, it will behove my dear Sister, as well as my self, to choose another Guardian. For my Part, *Scintilla* has given such a noble Character of this Gentleman, and he has so well discharg'd his Trust there, that in the Eyes, and under the Witness of all present, I deliver these Writings into his Hands; choose him my Guardian, and resolve to ratify it as soon as possible.

Heart. I protest Lady, you confound me; but my Ambition to do you Service, will not permit me to hesitate on any of your Commands.

Ang. And to follow the good Example of my dear Sister, so soon as she lets me know what my Fortune is, I will choose myself a Guardian, but not till then.

Lyd. I know nothing of the Reason for the latter Part of your Resolution ; but your Fortune my dear Sister, will be upwards of twenty Thousand Pounds : For *Teaguy* by the Obligation, was to have ten Thousand and upwards.

Ang. Then Captain *Jolly*, you are my Guardian ; and I make you my Guardian to all Intents and Purposes. —

Jol. Dearest *Angelina* ! tho' I always distrusted my Merit, I never doubted thy Fidelity or Generosity. —

Chru. Waunes Sir, twenty Thousand Pounds English ? Gin I'd gone ev'ry Inch of Land in *Scotland*, I had ben nae loser ; Wae's me ! this Chafe has been warse than *Chiviot* Chafe to me. —

Bel. Yaw, yaw, yeaw mayn talken — but ofe it were to do agen. — I wont tarry to be grinn'd at. [Exit.

Gaf. Begar, what is twenty Thousand Livres — de Lofs shall a no lie at a myn Heart — Ladies when any of you do want a to be marry'd, begar me vill daunce a Minuet at a your Wedding. (*Exit singing.*

Heart. What Ladies, shall be done with *Morose* ?

Ang. I forgive him, and wish he may grow better.

Lyd. I agree, with this Addition, that if he renders a fair and true Account, he shall never want to live like a Gentleman.

Mor. I thank you Ladies, I sincerely thank you ; and to render myself worthy of your Favours, all that I have wrong'd you of shall be restor'd you, which will very near double the Fortune left you by your Father. —

Enter Teaguy with two Officers.

Tea. (*Entering points to Jolly.*) There's your Man Honies.

Off.

Off. Sir, I arrest you at the Suit of this Gentleman.

Jal. At his Suit? What is your Action for?

Off. Ten thousand Pounds and upwards.—

Jal. A round Sum.—I do not doubt but he has sworn it.

Off. He must do that, Sir.

Heart. Ha ha ha. Don't be frighted Ladies—— You'll take my Word Officer?

Off. Ten thousand Pound Mr. Hearty, is no Trifle—However, I take your Word.

Heart. If it is not made up, you shall have Bail. Drawer, did you call the Constable?

Tea. Constable, Hony? for what?

Heart. A little Forgery, much Subornation, and downright Perjury; that's all.

Tea. A boo boo boo, Forgeries, Perjuries and Subornations—What is all dat dear Hony?

Heart. The Penalty do you mean? Only making a *West-India* Tour, with your Nose and your Ears in your Hand, that's all——

Tea. Arra naw and shall me have the Lady, and her Monies along with me?

Heart. They are all dispos'd of. But I'll tell you what I'll say to you Squire. If you can be modest once in your Life.——

Tea. A my Shoul now can I—very modest—

Heart. Then in Compassion to your Credulity—

Tea. Credulity? Arra naw what is that? my Wit? or my Shagacity?

Heart. Be it which it will; Look you, I'll gratify the Officers, and put one hundred Guineas in your Pocket, and save you all travelling Expences into the Bargain, if you'll be easy.——

Tea. Arra naw, Let me consider a little—one hundred Guineas — one hundred Guineas — A my Shoul now, one hundred Guineas, will hardly pay for these Wedding Cloaths of mine, O hone, wat shall a me do?—

Why

Why dear *Teaguy*, O my Shoul now I'll tell a thee vat thou shall do—E'en again turn running Footman to thy self, and run away with thy Taylor on thy Back, and the hundred Guineas in thy Pocket, and try thy Fortune onih more somewhere on this Side the *West-Indies*. ---- O my Shoul now it shall be so, that shall it----

Heart. Well Squire, What have you resolv'd on? a Sea Voyage? or Tour by Land?

Tea. A my Shoul now it is very hard----- But I have had too much of Foreign Air, to desire any more on't----- This shall be my last Tour by Land, and for a long Sea Voyage, it will make me very shick---Well then shince it cannot be said, that I, like most other Travellers, have been abroad to bring home nothing---I---consent-----only spare me one little Thing over-----

Heart. What's that

Tea. Two Half Crowns to pay my two Affitanshes: For I love to be grateful, Hony, for fear of a new Occashion.

Heart. Well, well---we'll never stand for that, Officer, take him to the Tavern, and I'll send one to discharge all.

Tea. A my Shoul, I beseech ye now, let not be long for fear it take Air.----

Heart. He shall be with you at *Lebeck's* by that Time you have call'd for a Bottle of Wine.

Tea. Do not forget Hony. Indeed now, I shall shit on Furze Bushes, that shall I, till I hear.

Heart. I tell you I will not forget.

[*Exit Teaguy and Officers.*]

Fol. A troublesome Affair well ended, *Morose*.

Mor. While I have Breath, I shall make it my Study to shew a due Sense of your Favour in it.

Heart. (*So Lydia.*) Have you consider'd, Lady, what Confidence you have repos'd in me?

Lyd.

Lyd. Are you already weary of your Trust?

Hea. Since I know your Fortune, I am asham'd to declare my Sentiments: I abhor any thing mercenary or selfish.

Lyd. It were Pity a good Declaration should be lost. What if I declare for you.

Hea. I would I could hear it.

Lyd. No! fye upon it! that must not be neither: But I fancy after a little Time and Conversation we may find a Way to creep into one another's Minds.

Hea. To tell you the Truth you are already crept so much into mine, I never again desire to be sole Owner of it.

Lyd. If I should tell you, I was glad to hear it, I believe I should not tell you a Story; --- But Truth (as the Proverb says) is not to be told at all Times.

Hea. Proverbs are fallacious, so is that Lady: For if a Lie is beneath a Gentleman, then Truth is to be spoke at all Times.

Lyd. Prove what you assert then Guardian; and let the Gentleman appear in his full Colours.

Hea. You have laid such an Obligation on me, that I find I have lost the Use of my Tongue.--Nor can I see any Way but one to relax it.

Lyd. What's that I wonder?

Hea. Let the Guardianship be reciprocal, and then, under the Sanction of that other Proverb, *That two Heads are better than One*, both may be safe.

Ang. Mr. Hearty your many good Offices this Day deserve a particular Acknowledgment from me; and to pay you the greatest, I flatter myself my dear *Lydia* will not be angry, if I do it by her Hand. (*presenting Lydia's Hand.*)

Hea. This is paying an Obligation, by laying me under eternal Obligations. Thus, thus and thus. (*Kissing her Hand.*)

Lyd.

Lyd. I always pay Respect to my eldest Sister.

Joh. Now, my dear Friend, what greater Happiness can Earth bestow? Brother and Friend united, is what my dearest *Angelina* have wish'd for heartily.

Hea. You show both the Brother and Friend, in such a kind Concern; and to deserve it must be the Burden of my Life; tho' with the Assistance of my Co-guardian I will not despair.

Joh. Come, we'll take the fascinated Couple in our Way; and go and contrive for the further Completion of our Happiness.

Hea. I suppose, *Morose*, we may safely carry the Ladies for the present, to their old Quarters?

Mor. The House and Furniture is all their own, and I resign it all. But if they can bear one that has been deservedly the Object of their Aversion, but now a sincere Penitent, under their Roof as a Tenant at Will, I shall shew them, that I have it both in my Power and Will too, to make them an Atonement for all past Indiscretions.

Ang. I dare say, Mr. *Morose*, I shall not need to ask my Sister's Consent for your Continuance in your own Apartment.

Lyd. Yes, and our Table too, if he pleases, with all my Heart.

Hea. Nor shall he need to fear Reproaches or Sights of any Sort.—What say you, *Jolly*?

Joh. Penitence with me never wanted Merit: Which of us are perfect?

Mor. Your Generosity would make a Man penitent, that was not so. But I ask only to be judg'd by my future Actions.

Taught by Experience, now I'll teach Mankind,

Content's to Honesty, alone confin'd,

And prosper's fastest in a virtuous Mind.